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AL SMITH IS TAKING THE LEAD in the campaign. While Mr. Hoover has been conferring with Boss Vare of Philadelphia, smoothing over the differences between his various campaign directors, and making up his mind whether prohibition is or is not an issue in the campaign, Governor Smith has been explaining how he learned to swim in a turtle scow at the foot of Beekman Street, and returning a wounded fawn to a crippled boy in the Adirondacks. A literal-minded game inspector had taken the fawn from its captor and nurse and presented it to the Governor, who announces on the front page of a thousand newspapers that he will send the fawn back "so quick you won't be able to see him for the dust—and I'll give him another deer and a dog to boot if he wants it." That, we submit, is the kind of politics that swings elections. More than any serious discussion of farm relief or world peace it wins votes. Nor do we grudge the Governor such campaigning. It is as natural to him as trout-fishing is unnatural to Calvin Coolidge. He does it without thinking, and it is in large part because he really is a warm-hearted human being that the newspapermen like him as few public personalities are liked, and that he rolls up such amazing votes whenever he runs for office.

IT IS AMUSING to watch the politicians bouncing back into the party folds. There is Jim Watson, who two days before Hoover's nomination was denouncing the Secretary of Commerce as an impossible foreigner; he has seen a new light—or observed a great change in his party's candidate. There is Brookhart of Iowa; he has contrived to weld his allegiance to the farmers with party regularity. There is Fred Zimmerman, Governor of Wisconsin, who used La Follette's erstwhile indorsement to inveigle voters into his camp at the last election; he is now as regular as they make them. Lowden's lieutenant, Lou Emmerson, too, has come into camp, though the former Governor of Illinois thus far sulks silent in his tent. And on the other side of the party fence Dan Moody of Texas, the great Dry champion, is asking votes for Al; so are Josephus Daniels and Carter Glass; even Tom Heflin, though he is still sniping at Catholics, has dropped the name of Smith from his speeches. These men are politicians before all else; the essence of politics is to get jobs for your supporters, and the essential for jobs is party regularity. We like better the stand of George Norris of Nebraska. He condemns both party platforms for their surrender to the utilities lobbies; he does not mention the candidates who are still mum on all issues but prohibition; but he names men in the Senate, some Democrats, some Republicans, who have kept the Progressive faith, and says he will fight for their reelection regardless of party tags and labels.

THE SHAKHTA TRIAL IN MOSCOW has ended. Fifty-three engineers charged with conspiracy and sabotage in the Donetz coal mines have received their sentence: the three accused Germans were freed, eleven Russians were sentenced to death—six with recommendations of mercy, and most of the other defendants were given prison sentences of varying lengths. Rabinovich, brilliant and powerful head of the mining industry, received a sentence of six years; Kuzma, a young engineer responsible for many technical innovations, received three years. The trial was a drama of desperate intensity, marked here and there by scenes of terror and hysteria. There seems to be no doubt that the conspiracy charged by the Government existed or that many of the accused were guilty. None the less, the trial as it unwound its theatrical length resolved itself into a test of the Government's strength. If Krylenko, the prosecutor, had failed to obtain a conviction, it would have reflected seriously on the capacity of the Soviet authorities to control the great industries under their jurisdiction and to wipe out—if they could not keep out—corruption and conspiracy. In this setting the accused engineers fought for their lives. That so many were let off with moderate sentences is to the credit of the judge and the public defender. If some were unjustly convicted, it is not to be wondered at. No German accused of espionage in America in wartime ever faced a more hostile public or a more bitter prosecution.

THE FACTS OF THE CASE were recited adequately in dispatches sent out of Russia by the press associations. But for a vivid narrative of the high points of the trial the interested reader should go to the stories cabled to the New York *Times* by Walter Duranty. Caught up by the human struggle involved, Mr. Duranty wrote a brilliant drama of moving eloquence. Reading his dispatches con-

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secutively, one gets not only a sense of the emotional heat of the trial, but a sharply drawn picture of Soviet justice in action. Courtroom procedure, the conduct of the Russian press, the manners and temper of the crowd, the psychology of judge and prosecutor and defendant—all emerge from a tale which is told at such length that one shudders in contemplation of the cable tolls. The *Times* deserves to share credit with Mr. Duranty for an impressive journalistic achievement.

WHEN OPPONENTS OF IMPERIALISM attempted to denounce the war in Nicaragua before a jeering noon-time crowd in Wall Street, sixteen of them were roughly dragged down from their perch on a sedan-top and put under arrest. A few minutes later the old fundamentalist street preacher, H. J. D. Hall, mounted his soap-box on the same spot and held forth unmolested. It may be that the Reverend Mr. Hall has a permit to thunder against evolution and other iniquities of the present day, while the anti-imperialists staged their raid on Wall Street without sanction of the police. But their arrest for "disorderly conduct" was a sham none the less. The speakers were arrested because they were "red," because they denounced American policies, because they took the name of Wall Street in vain. The three principal speakers were sentenced to an alternative of five days in jail or a $25 fine; several lesser participants received lighter sentences. Whatever may be the technicalities in the case, this is clear: free speech will be a joke in America until it is extended to take in those who oppose the policies of the government as well as those who denounce modern science.

TO THE STRAINS OF "ALL MY TROUBLES ARE OVER" and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" eight hundred Negro convicts marched out of the Aldrich and Flat Top coal mines in Alabama—marking the end of the convict-lease system under which Alabama had leased the services of prisoners to the private owners of the mines. It is to the great credit of Southern public opinion and of Governor Bibb Graves that Alabama has ended this survival of barbarism. The twenty years of its use have been marked by cases of horrible cruelty; one prisoner was beaten and then boiled alive, allegedly by the warden. When this was revealed in 1926—after it had been hidden two years by a false death certificate of suicide—it stirred the Alabamans to action, and the system has now been completely abolished. Along with the campaign against floggings in Alabama and the reduced number of lynchings this strikes the new note of progress in the South.

WHEN JAMES M. COX bought the Springfield (Ohio) *Press-Republican* in 1905 there were four daily newspapers in that city. Last month Mr. Cox bought the Springfield *Sun* which had, meanwhile, gobbled up the other two dailies, the *Gazette* and the *Democrat*. Thus are four independent dailies reduced to two papers under the control of one man in one city—in accordance with the steady march of journalism from a profession for the expression of opinion to the level of the chain-store business. Further interesting figures about the vanishing Ohio dailies are revealed in Ayer's Newspaper Annual, which shows that there were 175 daily newspapers in the State in 1905; since then thirty-two have disappeared, leaving 143 in the field today to serve a larger population. Oh—if the name of Mr. Cox has a slightly familiar ring it may be because he was a Presidential candidate not so many years ago.

BIGGER AND BIGGER grow the transatlantic liners. When, twenty years ago, the Mauretania and the Lusitania were built, their 30,000 tons gross seemed prodigious and their speed a marvel. The fact that the Mauretania is still the fastest ship afloat is due less to the difficulty of surpassing her speed than to the apparent lack of a demand sufficiently large to pay the higher fares necessary for faster ocean traveling. For steamships are not built to make records unless thereby they can also make money. On the other hand, steamships of increased size seem to mean increased earnings, for in the last twenty years new vessels have been getting larger and larger, until in the Leviathan and the Majestic the tonnage of the Mauretania was almost doubled. Just as large units are the most profitable for houses and offices ashore, so big vessels offer the most profitable means for supplying the public with the luxurious and complicated appointments at sea for which there seems to be an ever-increasing demand. The Leviathan was completed in 1914 and the Majestic went into service seven years later, so that it is not strange that a larger vessel than either has now been begun.

CONSIDERABLE MYSTERY surrounds the building of this vessel, the White Star Line's new Oceanic. Dispatches from the other side say that the ship, the keel of which has just been laid in the yards of Harland and Wolff at Belfast, will be 1,000 feet in length and about 60,000 tons gross. Thus the Oceanic will be nearly 100 feet longer than the Majestic (915 feet) or the Leviathan (907 feet). The two new liners of the North German Lloyd, which are expected to go into service next year, are said to be about 1,000 feet long also, but they will not exceed 46,000 tons gross. It is said that the type of engines for the Oceanic has not yet been decided upon, but it seems more probable that the information is withheld temporarily so that it may not be known by competitors. For the public at large, one of the chief advantages of the new Oceanic will be that it will put a quietus on the quarrel as to which is the larger, the Leviathan or the Majestic. The former was originally about 54,000 tons gross while the Majestic is some 2,500 tons in excess of that. But under American ownership the deck houses of the Leviathan were enlarged so as to give it a tonnage of over 59,000 gross. To many, especially in England, this seemed too tricky to be worthy of acceptance, though "Lloyd's Register of Shipping" has recognized the Leviathan's new rating.

TENNIS MUST BE THE INTERNATIONAL SPORT par excellence. Baseball is our own, and cricket is England's; football takes on local color wherever it is played. Golf is at least Anglo-American, but it is not yet a citizen of the world; Briand's fall as Prime Minister in 1922 was laid to the fact that he had so far departed from the Gallic tradition as to play golf with Lloyd George. But tennis! In the men's quarter-finals at Wimbledon five Frenchmen fought each other, two Americans, and one Italian. In the same round two American girls fought against two Englishwomen, an Australian, a German, a Spaniard, and a French girl with the Greek name of Nicolopoulo. Argentines and Dutch also played well into the match. And the American Davis Cup team which will soon take up the almost hopeless

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struggle against the brilliant young Frenchmen met Mexican, Chinese, and Japanese teams in the earlier rounds. Even the Olympic track meets, where the dogged Finns always surprise a world that has forgotten Finland, can hardly match that for cosmopolitanism.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., has added to his previous notable benefactions a gift of $5,000,000, for the restoration to its pristine Revolutionary glory of the town of Williamsburg, Virginia. This is an altogether admirable undertaking. The town is a most charming historic relic, now marred in spots by cheap garages and candy shops, but with many beautiful specimens of eighteenth-century architecture, including the Bruton Parish Church—the oldest church in America. No fewer than forty buildings still standing were there when the Declaration of Independence was signed. To them are now to be added reproductions of the old governor's palace, the first American theater, and the House of Burgesses in which Patrick Henry in 1765 made his great speech demanding liberty or death. All of the reconstruction is to be under the direction of the Rev. W. A. R. Goodwin, whose organization, Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., thanks to Mr. Rockefeller, now holds legal title to every public building, every public square, and practically every business building and private home on the three chief streets of the town. Dr. Goodwin has been fortunate enough to find a map drawn by a French officer on General Lafayette's staff, showing the location of every house and street at the time that he was quartered there. At the head of the wide Duke of Gloucester Street, which is Williamsburg, stands William and Mary College, whose first building, designed by Christopher Wren himself, is being restored. It, together with other old buildings now lost, was occupied by British, American, and French troops during the Revolution and by Confederates and Federals during the Civil War. The old town itself, established in 1632, was the capital of Virginia until 1779. When Dr. Goodwin and Mr. Rockefeller have completed their work, we shall have a town to which Americans by the hundred thousand will go as on a holy pilgrimage. It will be an historical and architectural treat without parallel in America.

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON, who is writing the official history of Harvard for the approaching three hundredth anniversary of its founding, has unearthed a memorandum by the late President Eliot, notes for a lecture on what equipment a student should acquire in college for success in after-life. We reprint it from the *Harvard Crimson:*

> 1. An available body. Not necessarily the muscles of an athlete. Good circulation, digestion, power to sleep, and alert, steady nerves.
>
> 2. Power of sustained mental labor.
>
> 3. The habit of independent thinking on books, prevailing customs, current events. University training the opposite of military or industrial.
>
> 4. The habit of quiet, unobtrusive, self-regulated conduct, not accepted from others or influenced by the vulgar breath.
>
> 5. Reticent, reserved, not many acquaintances, but a few intimate friends. Belonging to no societies perhaps. Carrying in his face the character so plainly to be seen there by the most casual observer, that nobody ever makes to him a dishonorable proposal.

What more could be said? And in how few words is put this guide to what Mr. Eliot himself called the "durable satisfactions" of life! We invite especial attention in this day of herd psychology to his demand for independent thinking and independent living. To those misguided college presidents and professors who believe in military training in colleges and universities we commend this opinion of one of the greatest American educators that university training is the exact opposite of military education. One teaches men to think for themselves; the other to subordinate their religion, morals, conscience, and will to the blind obedience they owe to whoever happens to be their commanding officer.

Middle-Class Women

THE clubwomen of Pennsylvania have subjected themselves to a sort of polite psychoanalysis in the form of a questionnaire devised and distributed at the last State convention by Fannie Sax Long, Chairman of Education, in order to "gauge roughly the background, interests, and desires" of the members. One hundred and ninety-nine filled out the blanks, which were not signed. Of these, 186 have been married; 13 are widows, but there is no blank for recording divorces—an unfortunate omission. Among the 186 there are 374 children. Only 163 women described their own education: 61 attended college, 51 went to normal school, 25 to a business college, and 26 to a finishing school. The impressive fact in this record is that only 38 graduated from anything!

In spite of this rather alarming lack of education, 97 women have taught school and 71 done other salaried work; 27 have continued some "regular" work since their marriage, although only 14 of these have received a salary. One hundred and ninety-five women keep house and 152 own their homes. Although 160 own cars (60 drive them) only 90 have a servant and just one has as many as three. One hundred and seven belong to "study groups" of almost as many varieties; 105 follow hobbies, while 133 have gardens —the greatest single interest recorded. Seventy-eight women belong to political organizations and 60 to bridge clubs. Only 13 smoke; 129 describe themselves as teetotalers. Of the 158 women who play cards, only 6 play for stakes other than prizes. Although 112 women go to the movies, 146 approve of the Pennsylvania censorship of films. Twenty-seven women hold public office, of whom 13 were elected and the rest appointed; there is no record of the positions which they hold. Fifty-nine believe they could "explain communism clearly."

As to books, in answer to specific questions, 34 say they have read "Leaves of Grass"; 57, "Sorrell and Son"; 30, "Revelry"; and 19, "Oil." Regarding the latter several women express complete distaste. One hundred and sixty-nine women "enjoy new ideas," and 175 "enjoy new methods." Alas, in spite of this, 97 subscribe to the *Saturday Evening Post,* 114 to *Good Housekeeping,* while 6 subscribe to *The Nation.* (Four of the 6 *Nation* readers are numbered among the 40 women under 40 years of age.) Such are the figures. Let those who will, analyze them. We refuse to; yet, as we glance through them, a recognizable picture seems to emerge from this questionnaire. Whether we approve of her or not, we see before us the Typical Middle-Class American Woman.

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Fanny Garrison Villard

BORN into the inspired and happy household of the Liberator, Fanny Garrison had her being in reforms from the beginning to the end of her long and rarely beautiful life. Often enough devotion to a cause creates only dour, intolerant personalities, bent on imposing their will, their mode of living, upon all with whom they come into contact. The home of William Lloyd Garrison was blessed with the saving grace of humor. Within its walls laughter ruled. Therein was unselfish devotion to one another as well as to the cause to which the father gave his life—gave also that astounding Biblical vocabulary of denunciation which his latest biographer declares to have been excelled by no one in history. Therein ruled serenity and unbounded faith, a never-shaken belief in the possibility of erecting standards of personal conduct to make over the world. There fear never entered, though at any hour the mob might have its way. When complete and surpassing triumph came, it turned no head. It was merely the fruition that all knew and felt must arrive; the only blot was that it came in part by means of the accursed sword.

So Fanny Garrison went out from that home imbued with the spirit of happiness, fortified by absolute confidence in the triumph of every principle to which she gave her devotion, and steeped in the belief that it is the duty of all who have time or means or power to give of themselves for the betterment of mankind. She never thought of compromise; to consider shifting her ground or moderating her language for expediency's sake was as impossible for her as for her father, the strongest lines of whose countenance reappeared, with the years, in hers. This was surely moral and mental equipment enough to enable any man or woman to lead a useful and highly beneficent life. But the fairies which stood about Fanny Garrison's cradle touched her with far more generous wands. They gave her rare personal beauty, grace, and charm, overflowing kindliness and sympathy. They ordained that her life should be endowed and perpetually enriched by romance. They made the desire to help radiate from her soul. Were one to set down all the natural talents bestowed upon her, her moving voice, her musical gift, and the rest, those who never knew her would consider the catalogue impossible. A host of friends can prove it true.

Fate was not content to have bestowed upon her the boon of being as a child a part of the great struggle for emancipation and to witness the drama and tragedy of the Civil War. That would have been color and action enough for any one person's years. But to it came for Fanny Garrison the incredible romance that linked her life with that of an impecunious and daring war correspondent. A revolutionist in Germany at fourteen, an adventurer across the seas into the political Utopia of his youthful dreams, Henry Villard found himself nowhere as much at home spiritually as under the roof of Garrison. Together Mr. and Mrs. Villard wandered for years according to the erratic course of the journalist. This was the beginning for Mrs. Villard of that acquaintance with Europe which perfected her knowledge that all men are kin; that the aspirations of all peoples are the same; that the rivalries that lead to the abomination of war are those of statesmen, not of the masses. Seventeen years after their marriage it was given to Mr. Villard to complete a great transcontinental railroad amid a popular acclaim rarely awarded to a hero of peace—only to be cast down from the pinnacle of his fame literally overnight. Tragedy nearly struck hands with drama and romance; but here Fanny Garrison Villard proved that no vicissitudes of fortune could make the slightest change in her or in her point of view. Poor or rich, her nobility met the test.

Always the fact remains that hers was a lovely and inspiring presence. The cause of woman's suffrage gained when, after the death of her husband, she began a new epoch of her life, throwing herself into various reforms. Men who had come to scoff at suffragettes went dumb when this advocate arose who combined in herself every one of the lovely womanly qualities. It is related of her that one rowdy legislative hearing became quiet, respectful, and attentive the moment she began to speak. Here was a great woman, and a great lady; even the coarsest Tammany legislator could see that and sense that hers was a testimony on behalf of her sex not to be denied. Those white hairs above the still youthful face, those flaming eyes, those earnest tones, that noble presence which was the same and at ease in a sweltering children's clinic, or among the most powerful of the earth, commanded immediate respect. And so did her unfailing courage. A turbulent street procession moved her not at all; she was of the few who dared to parade up Fifth Avenue at the outbreak of the war in protest against its folly and its crimes. Throughout American participation in it she bore her testimony against war undaunted, to build up later the only kind of peace society she cared for—one based on the inviolability of human life. It never occurred to her as it did to some of her friends that she might be jeopardizing her social position.

That *The Nation* exists today is due entirely to Mrs. Villard and her husband, to their generosity, their vision, and their public spirit. It was they who purchased this journal in 1881, when it was about to suspend, and then turned it back to its editors and, jointly and singly, for thirty-seven years thereafter, met its deficits and gave to its successive editors absolute freedom of expression and conscience. Whatever the value of *The Nation's* contribution to American life and letters during this period, a large share of the credit is hers. Yet one might have lived with her for years and never have heard from her lips one word to show that she had participated in this experiment in free and independent and honest journalism. Even more remarkable is that fact that when the new editor took hold in 1918 with, in some respects, a new program, he found no more ardent or sympathetic supporter than his mother. To few is it given in great age to have an open mind, much less the readiness to accept modern ideas and novel policies. Yet with her it is perhaps not to be wondered at, for her measuring sticks were those of principle; with them she knew how to meet new situations, the latest problems of an ever more complex civilization. Greatest of all is the fact that her faith and ideals never faltered; not even the greatest of human catastrophes could cast down her spirit, or dim the luster of its radiant light.

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Behind the Power Lobby

THE public-utilities investigation is adjourning until autumn, when the American people will be so excited about their quadrennial circus that the utilities are certain to slip on to the inside pages. The revelations already made are appalling. High-pressure publicity men have been at work systematically bamboozling the public through schools and newspapers all over the country. They have revised the textbooks, taken over control of school and university instruction, and performed miracles in converting recalcitrant newspaper editors. And although at first the metropolitan newspapers gave it scant space, the news at the last reached the front pages.

But what of it? Has the public waked up and demanded that these professional poisoners be kicked out? Not a bit of it. The very same gentlemen who had been caught spending their million dollars annually to pervert American opinion picked up their bags while the investigation was still on and attended the Republican and Democratic national conventions. What is more, they got what they wanted. By the same methods which worked so well in Congress they induced the platform-makers at Kansas City and at Houston to omit all mention of Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam.

Obviously, we have a long way to go. No university has, to our knowledge, invited any of the cheap little professors who sold their souls to the power trust to depart; no press association has announced the discharge of the men who permitted power propaganda to be put on the wires; and while the National Education Association has been discussing the question of propaganda in the schools there seems to be no concerted movement to throw the textbooks edited by the utilities men out of the schools and to purify the educational system. We have not heard that Ginn and Co., the great textbook publishing house, has canceled its agreement to let the lobbyists see, before publication, any textbooks touching their field of activity.

One reason, of course, is that the revelations have not had the vigorous publicity which would have been accorded them had Senator Walsh conducted the investigation. The lobbyists were canny when they forced the hearings upon the Federal Trade Commission, well knowing that it would provide no such national sounding-board as a Senate committee. Furthermore, Congress is out of session, and the public is absorbed in the Presidential campaign. There are other ugly rumors. The hard-boiled, old-fashioned leaders in the utilities business are said to be rejoicing at the turn the investigation has taken. They never believed in publicity; they do not care about "educating" the public; they want to do their business quietly and mysteriously. They would gladly drop all the expensive publicity men. And the investigation, turning upon these propaganda methods, has not reached the core of the utilities evil: the pyramiding of utilities stocks. William Z. Ripley touched upon some of this frenzied finance in his "Main Street and Wall Street"; but the full story of the manipulation for the benefit of the insiders has never been dug out. That is the real task before the Federal Trade Commission. Decent men in the industry will welcome such exposure. The antics of the professional publicity men are a mere surface scab covering the disorders within the wound.

Robert Mantell

HAD Robert Mantell fulfilled the promise of his early prime, he might have been entitled to a leading place among the greatest Shakespearean actors of this and the preceding generation. But, like so many other brilliant beginners in stage history, he failed to justify the expectations of his most sanguine admirers, bringing them in later years little more than a keen sense of disappointment over glorious abilities misapplied and frustrated hopes. When he made his first professional appearances in this country—especially after his startling display of tragic scorn and passion, as Loris Ipanoff in "Fédora," with which he electrified his audience and temporarily extinguished the rising star of Fanny Davenport, many experienced judges thought that a worthy successor of Edwin Booth, E. L. Davenport, Lawrence Barrett, and John McCullough had been found. At that time he seemed to possess the almost perfect equipment of a great tragic actor. His striking figure and carriage, his rich voice and admirable diction—he had profited by excellent training in English stock companies—his artistic repose and stirring emotional eloquence gave assurance of extraordinary gifts and power. And some of these rare qualities he continued to display, almost to the last, in various plays of high romantic coloring.

Unfortunately his fate decreed that the most important formative years of his career should be passed in Far Western theaters where public taste was more easily gratified by sound and fury than by any artistic cunning or subtleties of interpretation. There he learned to act largely to the gallery, and, in winning easy applause by tearing passion into tatters, contracted disastrous habits, which grew stronger with each passing season, and proved fatal obstacles to his artistic development. This was all the more deplorable because his adoption of violent methods, so apt to win the plaudits of the impressionable crowd, and his neglect of the more delicate, truthful, and convincing expedients that charm the intelligent barred him from the histrionic heights once within his reach. When, in his fuller maturity, he returned to New York with his fine repertory of Shakespearean and other standard dramas he still exhibited occasional flashes of former power and an assured grasp of theatrical situation. But the old magic had gone. His acting, still finished in mechanism and vigorous in execution, was often hard and wooden, lacking alike in insight and inspiration.

In a lean and decadent period of the American theater he kept Shakespeare steadily in the foreground, and the lovers of the noble poetic drama stood by him, although in his representations, often sadly inadequate, the essence of it was too often lost. In characters like Othello, Macbeth, Richard III, or Lear, in scenes of tempestuous passion, he was often exceedingly effective, but in such passages as called for deep pathos, fanciful imagery, or the nicer subtleties of intellectual apprehension he rarely rose above the level of respectable mediocrity. In all that he did he showed himself the well-trained actor of the old traditional school. Of originality, deep thought, or comprehensive imagination he revealed few traces. But he knew his craft, which is more than can be truthfully said of most of his junior contemporaries. He owed his success to the genius of Shakespeare rather than his own.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

THE courage of Al Smith of which we have heard so much might turn out to be, upon close analysis, nothing more than effrontery. But even that is a quality for which voters should be thankful. In the matter of choosing, voters rank just a little below beggars. When the Governor of New York first loomed up as the likely nominee of the Democratic Party three facts stood in his way. He was Wet, Catholic, and a member of Tammany Hall.

The precise gravity of these political disabilities is not known to me. Smith chose to tackle first the charge of Catholicism. In his answer to the Marshall letter he said in effect that he was a member of the church under attack, and instead of maintaining that it might be possible for a communicant under certain conditions to separate his political and his spiritual duties he argued that there was no possible antagonism whatsoever. It has been said by some of the Governor's friends that he is not in reality a particularly ardent son of the church. Walsh, so I have been told, is a far more devout Catholic. Indeed in one popular cabaret song along Broadway the suggestion was made that Al could easily get the Georgia vote if "he'd eat some meat on Friday." Al never touched so much as a lamb chop. Whether he happens to be a good Catholic or an indifferent one he has never dodged this issue in any way. It may be observed, for instance, that all the younger members of his family have gone through Catholic schools. In this respect he might have done himself some political good and violated no canon of his faith by sending a son or a daughter to some non-sectarian school. But in no way whatsoever has he soft-pedaled his Catholicism.

In the matter of prohibition Smith has been less forthright but bold enough as American political standards go. The charge that he deceived the convention at Houston is certainly unfair. Before the straddle plank was adopted the Governor publicly declared in a newspaper conference that he had not changed his opinion that enforcement legislation should be modified. His letter of acceptance came promptly enough to let Dry rebels bolt if they so desired. On the whole Smith's letter was favorably received by press and public. Naturally he could not please the stouter Drys no matter what he said, or failed to say, but many people who did not agree with his attitude toward Volsteadism still had a good word to say for his courage.

It is upon his Tammany affiliations that he will receive the severest censure. Many have said, and more will, that it was an insolent thing for Smith to make his first public utterance after the convention in Tammany Hall. More than that, he took occasion to announce that Tammany was all right. Or to be more exact, he asked how any organization could endure for one hundred and thirty-nine years if it was not all right. In this utterance Smith, by inference, assumed responsibility for every Tiger baron from the beginning. At any rate he went into none of the more recent quibbles about old Tammany and new Tammany and the superior virtue of the present set of sachems. George Olvany has been roundly scored for attempting to present the Society of Tammany as an historical association rather than a political machine. If Mr. Olvany sinned he sinned with Woodrow Wilson. The great Democratic liberal upon being criticized for sending felicitations to Tammany explained that he was communicating with the society and not the machine. Smith was better than that. He swallowed the entire Tiger. In effect Al Smith has taken occasion to say to the electorate: "Yes, I am Tammany, Wet, and Catholic. Why shouldn't I be?"

These are admirable tactics. It makes little difference as to whether Smith is personally courageous or not. Circumstances have forced him into the position of being candid. He might readily have drawn himself a little aloof from the Hall. There is no truth in the theory that Al is the darling of Tammany. He could have said with all sincerity that a gulf stands between him and the organization. In the eyes of the average district leader Al has turned "high-hat." He has made a number of appointments distressing to the organization. Tammany does not like his kitchen cabinet of highbrows. And yet any such explanations upon the part of Smith would have been hair-splitting. He came up with Tammany, and if defeat lies ahead of him he must go down with it. There is no point in swapping parachutes in mid air.

But after all this has been said there is no reason on earth why Al Smith's candor should disarm criticism. Up till now he has managed to capture the offensive. Some of the Southern Drys explain almost apologetically that they will not support Smith because he has repudiated the platform of his party. They need no such excuse. No alliance could be more ludicrous than one which included sincere and earnest prohibitionists and Alfred E. Smith. For all the talk below the Mason and Dixon line there is still small likelihood of the breaking of the Solid South. Such a contingency seems to fill even the most ardent Drys with fright. They can screw their courage up to the point of staying away from the polls, but voting for a Republican is still an adventure too monstrous to be considered by any great number of Southerners.

And yet the most cleansing thing which could happen in our national politics would be the fracturing of the too, too solid South. This existence of a bloc has rendered convention corruption inevitable. Since the Republican Party is but a shell in the old Confederacy its delegates may be had for the buying, and many a dirty deal of the Republican bosses has been largely bolstered up by the weight of these rotten boroughs. On the other hand the development of Southern statesmen of the first rank has been impaired by the fact that the South is too sure. Even a political genius could hardly capture a nomination from the Democratic Party if he happened to live in Alabama. Even though there has been a Heflin it is only fair to say that the South has sent excellent men to the Senate in spite of the fact that they might as well have been born in Bulgaria so far as the Presidency is concerned.

Naturally Al Smith is not consciously trying to alienate the Solid South, but he must look to the East for victory. Whatever his motives the Governor may well deserve to be canonized in November as a leader who has forced a new line-up. If that happens even the severest critics of the Tiger will be forced to admit that something good has come out of Tammany.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Arctic Tragedies

By JOHN McCLUSKY

WHILE the papers last week were filled with stirring Arctic news of discovery and of tragedy, there was dedicated in Woodlawn Cemetery, New York, a monument to George Washington De Long, Lieutenant in the United States Navy, who, with two-thirds of the crew of the steamer Jeannette, perished tragically on the north coast of Siberia in 1881. Three commanders of Arctic expeditions, Anthony Fiala, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, and Hubert Wilkins, the last fresh from the triumphant first airplane flight across the Arctic, joined in pointing out how the work of De Long is growing in importance as we study the history of exploration more discriminatingly.

The voyages of Columbus were looked upon as failures for a while, because he had not discovered a short route to Asia. De Long was in the same case. In his day there was supposed to be a great Arctic continent stretching from the Atlantic, where Greenland was one corner of it, to Bering Straits, where another supposed corner had been seen and named Kellett Land. De Long's ship was caught in the moving ice north of Bering Straits in September, 1879, and drifted north-westward right across the location of the supposed mainland. De Long himself, as his narrative shows, felt mainly disappointment. In his own eyes, he was failing to discover a continent, and that was the point of view which the world took also. The alternative theory of the time was that of an open Polar Sea, which those believed in who did not believe in the continent. This De Long failed to find also, which was a second disappointment to him and to the learned world.

We understand now that the reality which Columbus discovered was much more important than the theory which he failed to confirm. The scientific world is beginning to take that view of De Long's achievements, too. He was a pioneer in destroying the chief geographical misconceptions of his time. Moreover, by putting his ship into the ice and drifting with it for two years, he opened the road for Nansen to triumph by the same method fifteen years later. For these and other reasons, it happens that the fame of De Long is gradually coming out from eclipse. It seems probable that when a critical history of polar exploration shall eventually be written, the De Long expedition will come to stand second or third among all expeditions commanded by Americans, and among the first ten in the whole field of Arctic discovery.

The monument and the dedication services to De Long were given added significance by the news, appearing day by day, of the difficult plight of the aviators stranded by the wreck of Nobile's dirigible, Italia. On previous tragic occasions it has been a rule without exception in polar exploration that criticism has been suspended until long after the event. In the ghastliest of all Northern tragedies, when Sir John Franklin died with every one of his 128 companions, the critical judgment of mankind was so paralyzed by the shock that only now, after more than three-quarters of a century, are scholars beginning to point out the incredible incompetence of Franklin. Without a word of criticism at the time, he was permitted to take a foremost place in the pantheon of British heroism although his past record, as well as the tragedy itself, was enough to discredit him.

Unjustly, with perverse human logic, the situation is being reversed in the present situation. That is because Franklin was among the first of his men to die, while Nobile was the first of all his men to be saved. This circumstance has loosed upon Nobile and his expedition floods of criticism that would have been dammed back had he remained on the ice with his men, and withheld for years had he died with them.

Nobile is blamed for the lost lives of his would-be rescuers. Amundsen and five companions in a French airplane have been given up; it seems certain that they must have come down in the North Atlantic before they reached the comparative safety of the Arctic floes and, therefore, must have died from exposure or drowning within a few hours. Nobile is blamed, too, for the lost lives of his comrades. The Swedish scientist Malmgren and his two Italian companions, who left the party to walk ashore, are supposed to be dead because they are known to have been without firearms or other means of securing food. The six of the Italia's crew who drifted off with the crippled dirigible are presumed to be dead or dying. Even if they landed on ice they were inexperienced men unprovided with the gear needed for a reasonably safe walk ashore. It may be long before we know certainly how great a tragedy must be charged against the Nobile expedition.

You need both equipment and skill to walk safely over floes like those north of Spitzbergen, but you need more of the second. De Long, with half a dozen invalids in his party and one man blind, reached land over several hundred miles of that kind of ice in 1881. Nansen in 1896, northeast of the Nobile location, made shore with his one companion, though it was more than 100 miles. Stefansson, in 1914, far from Spitzbergen, but under similar conditions, reached land from a floe also more than 100 miles at sea. Wilkins and Eielson, when their airplane fuel gave out north of Alaska in April, 1927, walked 100 miles to shore. All these trips were made at the same time of year as Nobile's ill-fated expedition.

These were experienced men. Their uniform safety and success on the kind of ice on which Nobile fell raises pertinently the question whether the radio is an unmixed blessing. They had no radio. Accordingly they trained themselves, equipped themselves for emergencies, and saved themselves. The Nobile party had a radio and apparently considered nothing except sitting tight and pounding out S O S calls. Probably they had no other choice; the consensus of opinion among Arctic students seems to be that Nobile was right in thus depending on the radio. Nansen, Stefansson, and Wilkins, all of them still living, probably agree with that. At least they have published no criticism. But like many blessings, the radio has its drawbacks. In the case of the Nobile expedition it may yet sacrifice more lives than it saves.

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Covering Washington

The Nation's *Biweekly Washington Letter*

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C., July 7

IMAGINE the consternation among the junkers who helped nominate Herbert Hoover when it dawned on them that their candidate was a Quaker. They had given little, if any, thought to his religion prior to his nomination. They simply accepted him as a man of action not much given to churchgoing. Then to their amazement, the spirit suddenly moved him on the very first Sunday following the convention and he attended services in the modest little Friends meeting-house in I Street, not far from the White House.

Quakers, they recalled with misgivings, are supposed to be against war. During the late war to end all war Quakers were accepted as conscientious objectors and exempted from combatant service. The I Street meeting-house includes in its congregation some of the most dangerous pacifists to be found anywhere in the United States, including Frederick J. Libby, president of the National Council for the Prevention of War. Occasionally, these pacifists gather there and the things they say in opposition to war cause Mrs. Brosseau to tremble violently for the future of the republic. What a place for a man aspiring to the Presidency of a government with the greatest war budget ever enacted by any nation in normal peace times!

Had something been put over on the patrioteers? How could Hoover, a Quaker, ever take the oath as commander-in-chief of the army and navy in case of war during his Administration? With his Quaker principles, how would he regard the gigantic war preparations of the Coolidge Administration for which $760,000,000 was voted at the last session of Congress? A pretty state of affairs, indeed, just as the boys who fatten on war contracts were smacking their lips in anticipation of the new $4,000,000,000 naval-building program and $500,000,000 for the replacement of ammunition in the army!

Their apprehensions, however, were wholly groundless and soon happily allayed. Discreet feelers promptly drew from Mr. Hoover's official spokesman the assurance that the Republican Presidential nominee wasn't that kind of a Quaker. He belongs to the fighting kind, and there is nothing in his religious beliefs to prevent his becoming the commander-in-chief or signing a declaration of war if such an emergency arises. After two Sundays' attendance at the I Street meeting-house, Mr. Hoover changed his place of worship to another Quaker church of a slightly different sect on Irving Street. Mr. Hoover wanted to avoid the curious crowds which gathered to see him, his spokesman explained. In the Irving Street congregation, we are told, the pacifists are not so numerous and virulent.

* * * * *

IT'S queer how candidates for high office "get religion" and hit the sawdust trail as soon as they are nominated. Calvin Coolidge thought it necessary to join a church soon after he entered the White House. Not to be outdone by Mr. Hoover's example in churchgoing, Charley Curtis, the Vice-Presidential nominee, stepped forward in the somewhat unexpected role of champion of the Puritan Sabbath. To cameramen who sought to photograph him in the Topeka streets on the Sunday following the convention, he held up a protesting hand and exclaimed solemnly: "No! No! boys, remember this is Sunday." Irreverent Washington, remembering Warren Harding's praise of Charley as "the best poker player in the Senate" and Charley's own devotion to the Maryland race-tracks, could not restrain its mirth.

* * * * *

FOR the enlightenment of readers of *The Nation* who fear that Mr. Kellogg's outlawry of war may interfere with Mr. Coolidge's own friendly little war with Sandino in Nicaragua, we hasten to extend the assurance on no less authority than Mr. Kellogg himself that there is no cause for worry. The proposed new multilateral treaty, the State Department assures us, has nothing to do with real war; it applies only to theoretical war, and then not too seriously. The Nicaraguan war, being a real one, naturally is not affected. To the Washington Bureau of the Baltimore *Sun* we are indebted for this light upon the correct meaning of the treaty:

> The military operations of the United States in Nicaragua would in no way be affected should the United States become a party to the multilateral treaty for the abolition of war, it was said at the State Department today. The United States is operating in Nicaragua under provisions of the Monroe Doctrine, it is contended, and that doctrine would not be set aside by the proposed treaty. The State Department contends that the military forces chasing Sandino, the Nicaraguan rebel leader, are engaged in the protection of American lives and property, which, it asserts, is a legitimate undertaking.

So, you see, the outlawry of war is meant only in a Pickwickian sense.

* * * * *

TO those who wondered why the power trust was so frantically anxious to escape a Senatorial inquiry last winter the answer ought now to be entirely plain. If the Federal Trade Commission can cause such an astounding outpouring of disclosures what would a Senate committee led by Senator Tom Walsh have done? Already the stench from the Federal Trade Commission's inquiry rises to high heaven, and the end is not in sight. No such impudent and far-flung attempt to debauch the mind of the nation has

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ever before been uncovered in the history of America. Each day's grist from the inquiry furnishes a new list of schools propagandized, textbooks doctored, teachers bought.

Perhaps nothing in the whole avalanche of disclosures has so completely let the cat out of the bag for the utilities interests as the correspondence of John B. Sheridan, publicity director of the power trust in Missouri. Mr. Sheridan's conscience frequently bothered him, and in one of his letters to Thorne Brown, managing director of the National Electric Light Association's Middle West Division, he wrote impatiently:

> What can we do when the financiers will inflate, overcapitalize, sell securities based on blue sky or hot air, and rates must be kept up to pay returns on said blue sky and hot air? Mr. Brown, the bankers in the electrical industry do not appreciate what a fat thing they have had in the last seven years. Huge profits for the bankers; increase in rates for the customers.

No, Mr. Sheridan hasn't been fired—not yet. We fear, however, that he has just about outlived his usefulness to the power trust and had better be looking about for a new job.

Hay and Corn

By McALISTER COLEMAN

BEFORE ever the floods came down last year to break the levees of the Southland there was a man who had foreseen their coming, and had worked out, to his own satisfaction at any rate, a practical plan for preventing their tragic repetition. It was a flying divot on a little roll on a prairie golf course outside of Chicago that first set the active mind of Arthur J. Mason to work on the problem to which he has since devoted his life. This problem is none other than checking the falling away of America's Corn Belt into the Gulf of Mexico.

Mr. Mason had recently retired from a most lucrative business as contracting engineer on the day fifteen years ago when he chipped off with his golf club that bit of prairie dirt. Much of his work had been done in steel, and he felt that he had come to a time in the industry's development when there was a dearth of the pioneering spirit. Above all things this man is a pioneer with a constant vision before him of a new and orderly society, such as hovers in the rear of every engineer's mind. So when he picked up the prairie earth from the tiny mound and discovered that it was vastly inferior to the rich black soil of the lower lands on the course, he began to speculate. When he got back to his country house twenty-five miles out of Chicago, he took a shovel and went across the fields to the tracks of the Illinois Central railroad. There are some 200 feet of virgin soil on either side of these tracks forming the original grant of land made to the railroad by the State and never touched by plows. Here and there for a distance of thirty-five miles Mr. Mason dug up this black land and then crossed the fence along the right of way and dug in the neighboring fields. The soil from the plowed fields was plainly inferior to that in the right of way. To Mr. Mason this suggested at once that two things had been happening to the formerly rich lands of Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, which form the Corn Belt of the nation. Little by little the seven inches of vegetable mold upon which all our agriculture rests was being worn away by heavy rains that swooped down upon the high places of the prairie and sent the soil away to the South in tawny streams, and this war of attrition on the soil was being aided by mistaken agricultural processes.

He sat down to consider the general agricultural situation which confronts the country today. "In every one of us," he said, "there is a sneaking love for the soil. The pioneering spirit does not die easily, no matter what one's profession. It was strong in me and I found that it gave me an outlet, a new way of spending such talents as I have."

He studied climate. He began to compare the climate of the Midwest States with European climate. Nowhere in Europe, he discovered, was there a parallel to the heavy rains and severity of weather that hung so continuously over the American Corn Belt. Mr. Mason was born in Australia and spent much time in England. He is a cousin of Robert Browning, the English poet, and a thorough cosmopolitan. He has lived under all sorts of climatic conditions and is convinced that nowhere outside of America, with the possible exception of Asiatic Russia, are there such extremes of heat and cold as we Americans go through every twelve months. As Mr. Mason says,

> We think of London as a place of perpetual rain. But as a matter of fact there are twenty-six inches of rainfall in London to forty inches in New York. The point is that London rain is soft and mild. American rain is heroic, bold, and savage. It tears at the soil, sending it away in yellow floods. It swoops down at the most inopportune times for the farmer, often setting at naught an entire year's work. It is hard to make Americans realize the effects of such a severe climate upon agricultural life. While we brought over to this country all the traditions of European agriculture, to most of which we still cling, we have not been willing to modify our viewpoint to meet the altogether different climatic conditions on this side of the Atlantic.

He has sought for something that would give agriculture the continuity of factory production, that would get the greatest possible service out of costly agricultural machinery. He has found what he believes to be the ideal solution of the problems of both the conservation of the soil and the fuller use of agricultural energy in none other than the humble alfalfa. Now, after thirteen years of intensive experiment with alfalfa, he is going up and down the land urging the farmers to replace corn with hay. In the first place, he points out that corn is a soil waster. Corn growing in plowed land not only does not hold soil together but helps the process of erosion because there is no time after the last cultivation of corn for a protective crop of weeds to grow.

> As for the plowed land, God help it! [says Mr. Mason]. You see it constantly slipping down hill. The beautiful, fine mold appears more a jelly than solid land. The richer it is, the deeper it is, the worse the sheet erosion in the

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spring. One thing is fairly sure: we must abandon the cultivation of corn as it is now carried on. We must shift to a form of culture which keeps the soil bound together and protected by some form of sod. Of all such plants alfalfa stands head and shoulders above the rest. If our corn lands were converted into alfalfa fields, we could support twice the weight of domestic animals we now do; and this is the purpose the Corn Belt lands now serve, namely, the support of domestic animals.

Figures collected by Mr. Mason give a very different view of the function of agriculture from that held by the average man. The figures show that whereas the average wheat crop grown for eating by human beings weighs some 18,000,000 tons, crops grown for consumption by domestic animals, namely, oats, corn, hay, and pasturage, weigh 429,000,000 tons; so that as a matter of fact the chief purpose of agriculture is the feeding of animals and not primarily the feeding of humans.

But a new problem arose when he came to consider the profitable raising of alfalfa. The chief difficulty with the alfalfa crop has always been one of curing it. It is difficult to get rid of the water in the crop in order to save it in a wet climate. It occurred to Mr. Mason that a great number of things which are eaten are still appetizing when smoked. And he began to devise machines which would evaporate the water out of the hay and give a product that would be acceptable to domestic animals.

Today he can start one team cutting hay in the morning and in ten hours have twenty tons of dry hay in the barn. Furthermore, after it is cut, the hay never touches the ground. In fifty minutes it arrives in the barn dry and in fully ground form. Not only does this process yield a concentrate that is palatable to animals, but it opens the way to what is really a revolution in the farm life in this country. It provides that continuity of production for which he was looking. It gives the opportunity for profitable group efforts to the American farmer. Mr. Mason says:

> No other process than farming still relies upon the sun for drying. In every other industry of any importance drying is an artificial process. In the steel industry, for example, profits depend upon the number of furnaces in blast. In the making of salt, it would be absurd to suggest that the sun should dry the product. Why cannot we take over into agriculture the new processes of drying that work so successfully in other industries?

On his Illinois farm, over several hundred acres of good soil, Mr. Mason sowed alfalfa. Then he set up a plant consisting of mowers and field wagons which hold 2,500 pounds of green crops and, traveling with the mower, receive their load while moving three miles an hour. Finally comes the drying machinery. The drier itself is 160 feet long. Into this the green crop is unloaded. A machine cards it, much as one cards wool, into a traveling mattress of alfalfa eight feet wide and ten inches thick. Hot gases from coal-burning furnaces are driven twice through this mattress as it moves at a rate of five feet per minute. Finally, the mattress is ground up and blown by hot air into the barn. The new agriculture calls for the work of a farmer and six assistants on units of 600 acres. Mr. Mason believes that it will lengthen the harvesting time of a farm to 210 days a year in place of the present sixty-five days a year. His operations show that seven men using these modern methods can produce a crop with a gross value of $80,000 per year. Furthermore, he has found that the crop, because it is possible to cut it much earlier, has a higher protein value and a higher percentage of digestibility.

Here is his working schedule for a modern farm. From April 15 to May 15 he would gather winter rye; from May 15 to October 15 he would work on his alfalfa; from October 15 to November 15 there would be cowpeas and soy beans to attend to. Quite a different schedule from that which is now undertaken by the farmer who depends upon corn alone. Mr. Mason has cut down the operation of harvesting hay from what sometimes takes three months to one hour. And at the same time he has shown a way to lengthen the farmer's productive days enormously. Normal high-grade haymaking involves eight operations: cutting, windrowing, cocking, loading and hauling, stacking, baling, and grinding. Whereas, by the use of Mr. Mason's machine, the operation is completed in one continuous process.

Here, then, is a man with an idea—an idea, incidentally, that has proved itself time and again—which may very well change the entire aspect of life in the great Corn Belt of the United States. Like all engineers, he is distrustful of any sort of farm relief that depends upon political measures. He does not think that the farmer can be saved by fiats of any nature. He wants not only to get back to the soil but to keep what soil is left and use it for profits which seem almost incredible in the light of the present poor returns to the American farmer. The implications contained in Mr. Mason's work have a wide range. For one thing, they denote the passing of the individual farmer, the coming in of more and more machinery to agricultural life, the factory process, if you will, as applied to crop raising. But Mr. Mason is not so much interested in farm life generations hence as in the immediate problem, first, of conserving the soil of the Corn Belt, and second, of making farm life at once more interesting and more profitable to those who live it. When one begins to speak of Utopias, this engineer has a way of taking out his pencil and making charts for you full of figures taken from his actual experience. It is this "feet-on-the-ground" attitude that has kept him steadily on his self-appointed job since that distant day when he knocked the divot off the prairie roll.

In Memory of Fanny Garrison Villard

By WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, Jr.

No conscious art released the mystic gates
That opened wide to her triumphant way,
Unless the art of living day by day
In amity propitiates the Fates.
Perhaps it was her gentleness and grace,
Or her high radiance, by courage crowned,
That made her words of pleading so resound
When she stood champion of sex or race.
The daughter of a war-torn, stormy age
Of rapt reform and fratricidal feud,
She strove with passionate solicitude
To make world peace a human heritage.
She sensed a point of light in dawn's dim skies;
Her soul, prophetic, saw the high sun rise.

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In the Driftway

WHEN the Drifter wrote in the issue of June 27 that his readers had not been generous in offering advice to the man in San Antonio, Texas, in search of a hobby, the announcement was premature. As usual the Drifter failed to realize what a wide world this is and how irresistibly a great journal like *The Nation* penetrates to its every cross-road and gasoline filling-station, including the Scandinavian. The Drifter failed to consider, too, that readers of this magazine think twice, and then ruminate for quite a while, before they speak—a commendable habit. In the last week or so a sheaf of letters has accumulated, coming from as far west as Santa Monica, California, and as far east as Dublin, Ireland. From the latter city Lilian Duncan writes:

> Since your correspondent in San Antonio, Texas, agrees with me about croquet and hiking, he must be a person of taste and discernment; and so my sympathy goes out to him in that he hasn't got the Dublin Mountains to hike in. Racking my memory for something else a person so gifted might like, I remember a happy time when I had a garden, and, taking it up at first boredly under stress of circumstances, found it of absorbing interest. Perhaps Texas is one of those places where everything just grows of itself and you lie under the tree and let the fruit drop into your mouth; but, if there is any kind of plant that can be cultivated there, your hobbyless waif should try growing it. Someone else can do the heavy digging, if any.
>
> Failing gardening, what about carpentry? He could torment his wife (again, if any) by making her all sorts of fittings and gadgets she didn't want and wouldn't know where to put.

* * * * *

THE pleasures of bee-keeping, already urged in this column, are also stressed by Laura Way Mathiesen, who confesses that in addition she is an artist, has a few pedigreed dogs, and has just acquired a goat. Which sounds like quite a hobby. E. D. Abbott of Spokane, Washington, suggests "that fine, old, and fundamentally American pastime, archery." "Or how about whittling?" he adds. "Surely if Cal Coolidge would rather whittle than be President, one could choose no nobler example to emulate." Scientific investigation, already proposed by one correspondent, is advocated by another who suggests this specific problem:

> Why does the hydrogen atom have a single proton in the center and a single electron revolving around it? Why does the helium atom, first discovered on the sun through the spectroscope, have four nuclei with two electrons revolving around them, and how does the formation of four grammes helium, from hydrogen, produce energy as great as though eighty tons of coal were burned?

The Drifter gives it up. He never was good at conundrums.

* * * * *

MEANWHILE the editor of the Omaha *World-Herald*, in his pages, takes the Drifter to task for not recommending angling, while the man in San Antonio who started all the shooting writes in to complain of the Drifter's animadversions upon his town:

> It is inevitable, following your remarks, that I rise to the defense of my home city. San Antonio, be it known, and emphatically, is a place to drift to, and not from. Despite the influx of Eastern capital and Iowan farmers, there is still magic in the streets and atmosphere of this semi-Spanish city. A vociferous minority protests against its Americanization, and is holding its own against the Chamber of Commerce slogan "The biggest city in the biggest State" and its concurrent street-widening and skyline-building campaigns. The next ten years will tell the tale—San Antonio will still be among the individual cities of America, with a distinctive old-world milieu, or it will have joined the ranks of standardized cities. Until that time, I'll stick here, and invite you to visit us before progress removes our ancient landmarks, straightens and widens our streets, and changes our pronunciation.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Cooped

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am sitting in the Democratic National Convention. Franklin Roosevelt is nominating Smith. Thousands upon thousands of people are listening to him. The vast hall is packed. The white faces of the crowd look like an infinite field of white squashes. In one corner—in the gallery—there is a section of specially reserved seats. These seats are approximately one hundred in number. The section is marked "For Colored People." And *it is separated from the rest of the hall by chicken wire.*

Houston, Texas, June 27 B. HARD

Senator Norris on a Third Party

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Democratic Convention was controlled just as the Republican Convention was controlled. The same interests which controlled at Kansas City controlled at Houston. What are the people going to do about it? Are we not up against a stone wall? Have the people any avenue by which they can bring about the defeat of the great political machines that always control our national conventions? The ordinary suggestion is to organize a third party or run an independent candidate for President. This is a beautiful theory, but, for practical purposes, it is a will o' the wisp.

We are confronted with the antiquated and worse-than-useless electoral-college system of electing a President. The two old parties have complete organizations from the township to the White House. The great mass of people outside of these organizations have nothing to do but to choose between two evils.

In order to run an independent candidate for President or to organize a third party it would be necessary to form an organization in practically every congressional district in the United States and to select candidates for Presidential electors. We have neither the time nor the money to do this. It should be as easy to run an independent candidate for President as it is to run an independent candidate for Governor in any of our States.

I have tried several times to interest forward-thinking people in a campaign to abolish, by an amendment to the Constitution, this antiquated electoral-college system and to provide for a direct vote, but people do not seem to see the importance of it, and the machines of our great parties do all they can to conceal the true conditions. As it is, machines control both dominant parties, keep up a sham fight, arouse partisan feel-

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ing, and make the people believe the country is being saved when they are only pulling monopoly chestnuts out of the fire. The campaign turns on false issues, and the people always lose.

The fundamental issue in this campaign is not farm relief, although that is very important. It is not the prohibition issue, although that is also important. The real question involved is, Shall the great trusts, particularly the water-power trust, control the destiny of our republic? When this trust is in control it will take care of all subsidiary questions, like prohibition and farm relief, and it will do it so effectively that none of these subsidiary questions will be solved for the benefit of the common folks.

The question comes up again, What are we going to do about it? It seems to me about the only thing we can do is to call the attention of the people to the fundamental difficulty —our electoral college. If this impediment were out of the way there would be no great difficulty in any Presidential campaign for the people to win control of their own government. Moreover, if this reform were brought about, the machines themselves would be more careful about foisting upon the people undesirable platforms and less desirable candidates.

Washington, D. C., July 2 G. W. NORRIS,
United States Senator from Nebraska

Drunken Car Drivers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The editorial, The Price of Speed, in your issue of May 30 states that "considerable progress has been made in reducing accidents by revoking licenses for drunkenness" and that this, together with the publication of these revocations, has subdued the recklessness of hotheads and users of intoxicants.

After considerable time spent in investigating the results of the Massachusetts law which requires the revocation of the license for one year after conviction for "driving under the influence of liquor," on the first offense, I have come to the conclusion that this law in most instances is ineffective in ridding the highways of drunken operators because most people of this type, and in this condition, will drive whether they possess a license or not; in fact, many of the most frightful accidents are caused by those who have never had a license. The evil result of this law, however, is that it is used by a certain number of the police as a means of blackmail, intimidation, and persecution, and has caused a large amount of suffering on the part of some of the most careful drivers.

Most judges here will convict unless it is positively proved that the defendant has partaken of no liquor within five hours previous to arrest, and then only one drink, contending that a person is under the influence of alcohol until it is completely eliminated from the system to the last vestige. The testimony of the arresting officer and his fellow-officers from the station is accepted as sufficient proof of guilt, and as the defendant is held five hours at the very least without being admitted to bail and without any communication with the outside world, it is impossible for him to refute their testimony.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, June 5 CALEB J. BUFFUM

That D. A. R. Gas Bomb

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The latest D. A. R. gas-bomb has filled the air with smoke, and was indeed carefully calculated to bewilder the public.

Let me say at once that at no time did I make admissions relieving the officers of the onus of blacklisting. Their attempt to clear their honor is a *tour de force* of casuistry. I introduced reliable evidence proving the existence of official D. A. R. blacklists in Kansas, Massachusetts, and Michigan. I also introduced evidence that an Honorary President General had explained to a member of the society that when the chapters were found fault with for inviting certain speakers and requested "advice," national officers promulgated lists for their information. In fact I submitted enough evidence to merit a week's careful consideration. My own testimony was, of course, confined to my personal knowledge of D. A. R. blacklists in Massachusetts (and it was conclusive), but because I had never seen such a list actually in the hands of any officer of the National Board—though I had talked with one who admitted them —Mrs. Brosseau publishes her unwarranted statement that my "admissions" cleared the society of blacklisting!

The verdict and this official statement were given to the press the day following my court martial with a nervous haste that speaks for itself. No amount of quibbling can suppress the truth. The D. A. R. and blacklisting are forever associated in the public mind. The society has been severely injured by the equivocations of its national officers, and will never be more than a laughing-stock while these women steer its course.

Cambridge, Mass., June 27 HELEN TUFTS BAILIE

Mr. Marshall and Al Smith

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of June 20 you do me the injustice of referring to what you designate as my "attack upon Governor Smith in the *Atlantic Monthly*," and of implying that the "attack" is continued in the book, "The Roman Catholic Church in the Modern State."

Neither the letter nor the book is an attack on Governor Smith or intended as such. On the contrary, the letter paid high tribute to his character and services, and the book expressly recognizes his convictions in respect to church and state as "lofty and characteristically generous." In demonstrating that these convictions are irreconcilable with the present *de fide* doctrine of the Roman Catholic church, and that the respective doctrines of that church and the modern state can be reconciled only by the church officially conforming its belief to Governor Smith's notable declaration, my book ought to be relieved of all suspicion of an attack on him.

New York, June 16 CHARLES C. MARSHALL

Contributors to This Issue

JOHN MCCLUSKY is the pen-name of an authority on the Arctic.

MCALISTER COLEMAN, columnist and writer on labor conditions, is a contributing editor of the *New Leader*.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON is a grandson of the famous Abolitionist and a nephew of Fanny Garrison Villard.

MARY AUSTIN, poet, novelist, and critic, lives at Sante Fe, New Mexico.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS, a frequent contributor to *The Nation* and other periodicals, is the author of "Woman's Dilemma."

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY is a literary critic who contributes frequently to current magazines.

ELLEN LA MOTTE is the author of "The Opium Monopoly," "The Ethics of Opium," and other books.

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Books

In Papagueria

By MARY AUSTIN

Very far there
In Papagueria
Stands ocotillo, the torch flower,
It is swaying to the wind's song,
On the tips of its tall stems
Like a scarlet bird
It dips and rises;
Like the bird's mate, dim breasted,
Its shadow follows
Delicately over the yellow sands.

Very far there, the bisnaga,
The great barrel cactus
Is swelling with the summer rains.
Leaning always toward the sun,
Clockwise its shadow goes,
While the young men gather bisnaga blossoms
For their maidens to fasten in their hair;
They are singing, "What are bisnaga spines to me
Whom love is forever pricking in the side!"

Very far, in Papagueria
It stands, the sahuaro
In its arms there, the red hawk's nest,
The blue lizards and the woodpeckers
Are running up and down.
Would I were there now,
Gathering crimson sahuaro fruit
For the syrup-making;
Drinking sahuaro wine with the old men,
Prayer feathers fluttering.
Would I might hear again
The night-singing mocking-bird
Climbing up and down his ladder of sound.

America Fights Britain

We Fight for Oil. By Ludwell Denny. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

"AMERICA Fights Britain," Mr. Denny might have called his book. It is more than a story of oil; it is a story of vast international intrigues which statesmen on neither side of the ocean have dared to discuss openly. It is the story of a conflict hitherto waged by British and American oil companies with the active and hardly disguised support of the two foreign offices—in Russia, in India, in Mesopotamia, in Europe, in Central and South America, in the United States itself. This is the kind of conflict which has made wars in the past; and today, says Mr. Denny, "War is possible. War is probable—unless the two empires seek through mutual sacrifice to reconcile their many conflicting interests." Those who preach that war between Great Britain and the United States is unthinkable, he warns, hinder rather than help. When, in the not distant future, American oil production begins to decline, when the price of gasoline goes up in the United States and Americans discover that Britain controls the great untapped reserves of the world—then the public, unless forewarned, will be easy meat for the Hearsts and Bill Thompsons.

This sounds like sensational jingoism. It seems strange from a man who was once a European correspondent of *The Nation* and is now an expert on foreign affairs for the Scripps-Howard newspapers. But in the interim Mr. Denny covered the State Department and the Washington embassies for the United Press, and his book is heavily documented with official and semi-official papers. Part of the story lay easily at hand. Pierre de la Tramerye and Davenport and Cooke had told the story of the British-American fight for Mesopotamian oil, and Louis Fischer of the struggle for Russian and Persian oil; and the federal Oil Conservation Board had issued sufficiently alarmist statements on the danger of exhausting our own oil reserves. Sir Edward Mackay Edgar boasted nine years ago that America had recklessly run through her oil legacy while Britain had obtained control of all the likely or probable oil-fields outside of this country. But much of the story is new.

Sir Edgar was premature. He did not know how vigorous an offensive the Standard Oil and the State Department could wage. Mr. Denny's book is, for the most part, the story of that offensive. Oil history moves fast, but this 1928 story includes three exceedingly important chapters hitherto untold. There is, first, the romantic story of the leap of Venezuela in six years from thirteenth place among the oil-producing nations of the world to second; and the story of British-American rivalry in Venezuela. There is the amazing tale of British politico-economic penetration in Colombia, close to the Panama Canal, a story almost unbelievably sensational, but told with a studied effort to avoid emphasis upon the alarmist aspects of the intrigue. And there is, finally, the amusing story of the effort of Sir Henri Deterding, the Napoleon of the British oil world, who himself had bid in vain for monopoly control of Russia's oil exports, to convince the world that the Standard Oil Company of New York was a band of sinners because it succeeded in buying Russian oil cheap and undersold Deterding's own oil in the East.

How consistently the State Department has supported the big American oil companies throughout the competition for foreign fields Mr. Denny painstakingly reveals; it will be a surprise to many. The story of Mexico's oil laws takes its place in relation to other struggles waged by the State Department, and the oil companies, with Colombia, Argentina, Spain, and other countries. But our own State Department, vigorous as its support has been, seems rather amateurish in comparison with the businesslike work of the British Foreign Office, which has had decades of experience at empire-building and does not lightly admit a new world rival to terms of equality. Hitherto, Mr. Denny thinks, the youth of the American empire and the stench of the oil scandals have kept the American people dull to the international struggle. But the passion stirred up by Hoover's denunciations of the British rubber monopoly shows what could and would be done if the American people found oil prices rising because of Britain's monopolistic control of foreign oil. The talk of the new American naval program, American capture of British foreign markets, and America's increasing control of world credit, he points out, tend to weaken the Die-Hard opposition to compromise on the other side of the water; and the fact that Britain does hold three-quarters of the world's oil reserves, as well as a near-monopoly of rubber and other essential raw materials, together with the fact that the American empire is based upon peace-time industry, should dull the edge of American aggressiveness. The British, hitherto, have been more militant than we because their needs have thus far been greater than ours, but in motive and method oil companies on both sides have fought alike, and unless some Anglo-American compromise is reached, Mr. Denny thinks, the drift is steadily toward war. Such a compromise, he suggests after years of daily observation in the State Department, would tend to take the following form:

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Naval parity and joint control of the seas; a free hand politically for Great Britain in her colonies and spheres of influence in exchange for a free hand for the United States in Latin America, with Great Britain ultimately to get out of British Honduras and Jamaica and immediately stop concession-hunting in Panaman, Colombian, and other territory commanding the Panama Canal; Britain to agree not to encourage dismemberment of China and not to seek special commercial advantages there; the United States to hold the Philippines, and to that extent prevent Japanese expansion or further nationalist revolt in the lower Far East and India; the United States to scale down its high tariff wall to let in British goods, and hasten war-debt cancelation; both governments to practice the Open Door policy in regard to raw materials and markets in their territories and spheres of influence, except in strategic areas such as Panama and Suez; relaxation of restrictions against British shipping in American coastwise trade; freedom for nationals of each country to form international commercial combines; abolition of the British exclusion policy preventing American ownership of petroleum lands, and equitable division of joint exploitation by British and American oil companies of new foreign fields.

A breath-taking program? Yes, and it is a breath-taking book, a sensationally realistic book, boldly facing unpleasant facts. If Mr. Denny's suggestion that the two empires must choose between such an improbable compromise and war seems incredible, then read the book, face the facts yourself, and see if you can do better.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Miss Glaspell's New Novel

Brook Evans. By Susan Glaspell. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

THERE are writers we like in much the same reasonable and unreasoning way in which we like our friends. We like the way their minds work, and the way they take the world. We are at home with them. Miss Glaspell is one of the writers I like in this way, and the fact that I like her in this way is the most important of the confused mass of impressions which I have about her new book.

This new novel of hers, the first in a number of years, is a wise and tender book that gains both its strength and its weakness from simplification. Like Martin Mills in "The Madeleine Heritage" Miss Glaspell is concerned with the effect of a particularly alive and unconventional individual on several generations. Her method of simplifying the five related episodes of the book to one emotion and its consequences saves her from the genealogical morass in which Mr. Mills eventually mires his reader. Without any abruptness or dry compression, and without losing the invaluable appearance of events taking place before the reader's eyes, Miss Glaspell has contrived to make each of her five episodes tell the maximum of story in a minimum of space.

Yet simplification has other perils than the pluperfect tense and the anemia that she so skilfully avoids. Perhaps the chief of them is naivete. It seems absurd to use the word of any aspect of a book so full of tolerant wisdom as this. Yet there is naivete in Naomi's failure to know in advance how Mrs. Copeland will receive the news that although Joe is dead something of him lives on in her. There is naivete in her failure to know how her father will receive the same news. Even the conception of Naomi as a person suffers from this oversimplification. We see her first as an otherwise unindividualized young girl who has given herself to her lover, who is unable to understand the horror aroused in the neighborhood by the knowledge of the prospective child whose father has been accidentally killed, and who consents to let Caleb Evans make an honest woman of her only to give her child a home and a name, and to buy for herself a photograph of the dead Joe from his angry mother. We see her again as a work-worn woman in the forties who denies herself everything for her daughter, who is willing to precipitate a situation which will make it impossible for her ever to see her daughter again in order to save her from the ascetic life-denying influence of the pious Caleb, and who has never regretted the supposedly shameful fact that she once knew love. Naomi must of course have been many other things than these. In knowing her only in these aspects we know a profoundly moving story about her, but we do not know her. We would not recognize her on the street. We might live in the same house with her for years and never know that this was the Naomi of the story. We don't even know much about her as a lover, except that she welcomed love. Caleb is more individualized, and yet in the end Caleb is little more than a stock figure, as are all the other characters in the book.

But with these stock figures Miss Glaspell has done extraordinary things. Within their limitations they live with hot intensity, they grow with the years, and they continue until the end to influence each other in ways so unexpected and so contrariwise that we accept them at once for the rough and tumble of reality. It is more than poetic irony that makes the child for whom Naomi has sacrificed her life regard Naomi's enveloping affection coldly and give all her affection to Caleb; it is a profound understanding of those obscure family irritations and repulsions which play the villain in so many lives. Not until years after Naomi's death, when Brook herself was in her forties, did the sacrifice bear its fruit. Yet even here, at the crucial point of the book, it seems to me that naivete is mixed again with its fine understanding.

It is of course after the individual resolves to dare freedom that the real story begins, for freedom is a very large order, and the regulations that hedge it about have sprung rather from many other individuals' inability to cope with it than from perverse piety, perverse piety itself being only one of the countless rebounds from that hard smooth wall. In this book Miss Glaspell, like so many writers of the modern primitive school, works up to freedom laboriously, and then stops as if the goal were gained.

There is fine craftsmanship in the book. Many of the scenes, especially that in which Brook leaves her mother, are beautifully done. But the writing is the shirt-sleeves variety that came in with the generation which shook itself free of Howells and James and which scoffed with Mencken at Johnsonese. Its purpose, that of permitting the new writer to come closer to reality than the litterateurs who preceded him, has been so abundantly served that it seems as if we could now quite safely give up our backwoods fiddle for a real violin.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

A Pretty Mess

Music Education in America. By Archibald T. Davison. Harper and Brothers. $3.

TAKING appreciation of the best in music as the end of education, and adequate experience of it as the means, Professor Davison claims that actual education does not achieve the end because it does not use the means, preferring tangible results. In private education the tangible objective is the playing of an instrument; and what happens is that the purely mechanical problems of the instrument, with the wretched music invented solely to provide repeated opportunities for their solution, claim attention to the exclusion of real music. The instrument comes, then, to be regarded as the whole of music, and usually with disastrous consequences. For even success with the instrument may leave the student unable to appreciate music; but, more often, the result is failure and distaste, and then in abandoning the instrument he abandons all music. Attempts to make the business more palatable have suc-

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ceeded, but only in so far as they have deferred to the principle that experience of music, properly guided, should precede study of its technique or of the technique of an instrument.

In the elementary school, again, instead of the child's having its attention directed entirely to what is attractive in the best music—instead, that is, of his being taught to sing it by sound, or just to listen to it—he is made almost at once to read music. His attention, then, is claimed by problems of technique, and by the exercises invented for technical purposes, "little more than mechanical collections of notes, bearing only the outer semblance of melody." And mere listening is omitted as unproductive.

The secondary school, in which music is frequently omitted altogether, much to the children's relief, is the proper place for training in music appreciation. This requires a well-educated musician with "faith in the capacity of youth to perceive and enjoy beauty without the aid of . . . devices which are calculated to enhance interest, but which, in reality, distract attention from the music itself." Instead, in the absence of these conditions, the children are again given inferior music and distracted from any musical content by irrelevant stories (not to be confused with explanations of form and style, which should follow thorough acquaintance with a composition). And tangible results are achieved by the music memory contest. "Now, if some ten or twelve movements were selected, with the understanding that at the contest sixteen bars drawn from any part of one of these movements would be played, there would at least be some assurance that the children had heard and become acquainted with all the music. If, furthermore, the children were asked to identify the composer and the type of several pieces previously unheard by them, but which were the work of musicians represented on the contest list, we could speculate that the children had been taught something about musical style." But, in fact, "it would be impossible for any class to learn even superficially in the given time all the compositions specified on a contest list; the result is that each teacher undertakes to win the prize by forcibly feeding his charges with perhaps two hundred and forty measures of music (the first eight bars of thirty compositions)."

As a result the college is compelled to supply omissions and remedy defects of previous instruction. It should instead set a real standard for such instruction by means of entrance examinations, and train teachers who can observe this standard. The result would be "a logical and continuous plan of music education" which will "bring our people . . . to a real understanding and love of music."

One important matter Professor Davis leaves undiscussed: instruction in the playing of an instrument. A person, let us say, wishes to master the piano sufficiently for public performance or for private needs. A fair test of instruction is that the alleged means have some demonstrable connection with the desired end; yet, absurd as it may sound, this is the one test most instruction cannot stand: beyond a certain common minimum of essentials the methods are so much hokum. To account for the supposed results of the methods one need only reflect that in the mere doing of something a person acquires the ability to do it, a technique even of an inefficient sort, an efficiency even in this technique; and that it is such a technique which enables a student to overcome the obstacles imposed by a method, e.g., by unnatural hand positions. One should reflect that it is difficult for him to know what he is really doing, and easy, therefore—so long as he succeeds in doing it—to believe he is doing what a method says he should. It tells him to do this or that for pleasant quality of tone, and he produces tone of pleasant quality; he continues, therefore, to do what he must to produce the pleasant quality, and to believe that he is doing what often cannot be done or, if he can do it, what is either useless or dangerous, e.g., the current system of sadistic idiocy linked (wrongly, I am sure) with the name of the pianist Leschetizky. In other words, from considerable instruction one benefits most by ignoring it.

B. H. HAGGIN

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American Poetry in French

Anthologie de la nouvelle Poésie Américaine. Eugène Jolas. Paris: Kra. 25 francs.

INTEREST in things American has spread so widely in France since the war that Eugene Jolas, editor of the Franco-American quarterly *transition*, issued in Paris in English, has deemed it timely to present to the French public an American anthology. Choosing to be inclusive rather than representative, he has translated some 126 poems by 124 poets. The younger radicals are numerous, but from E. A. Robinson to Robinson Jeffers, from Eli Siegel to Isidore Schneider, from Leonie Adams (alphabetically) to Elinor Wylie, hardly a known name is omitted.

However accustomed one may be to reading poems in another tongue, one is invariably startled to discover what happens to familiar, favorite verses when they are bent to translation. It is easy to quote from any such anthology many lines that seem awkward, as it would be to draw, from this one, many that seem most fit; both cullings are irrelevant, unless we remember that the new version is intended, not for us who know the original, but for readers to whom the present rendering is probably the first, to whom the present idiom is native and natural. If we approach the volume with this in mind, judgment is likely to give way to curiosity: What are the poetic powers of the two tongues?

"The Oxford English Dictionary" contains almost 415,000 words; the French "Littré" not quite 210,000. It has been said that, in French, one word may mean many things; in English, many words may mean one thing. While this may annoy the English pedant, it fortifies his compatriot artist; for, even where similarity is so great that the second word does not mark a fine distinction, the terms will have gathered, through the history of the language and the race, different connotations. Urquhart out-Gargantuas Rabelais. This word-nimbus (as notably in the Saxon home-words, emotional, with their paired Norman school-and-court-words, intellectual), this halo of poetry, is of course untranslatable: in Edna St. Vincent Millay's "O world, I cannot hold thee close enough," "hold close" becomes "serrer fort"; Ralph Cheyney's "I am sick of circles, barring out, binding in" becomes "Je suis fatigué des cercles qui m'empêchent, qui m'enchaînent." Besides this finer subtlety of suggestion, English has greater power of emphasis: variable word-order permits flexibility and stress the French can attain only by roundabout devices: "Death's dark nipple" (Babette Deutsch) turns into "la mamelle noire de la mort"; T. S. Eliot's "carefully caught regrets" must be "regrets soigneusement gardés." French (regular) poetry, furthermore, enjoys, instead of the thump of the foot along the line, a subtler syllabic rhythm of varied pause and stress; no beat, but a quieter pulsing. In view of this, the proffered translation of Vachel Lindsay's "The Congo" is a remarkable feat; the limitations here indicated being, of course, inherent in translation, and in no respect unique with the present venturer.

For M. Jolas has already established himself as a poet both in French and in English, and comes with sympathy and skill to his difficult task. I find but one questionable interpretation in his volume: in God's World—

> Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
> And all but cry with color—

"cry" is translated as "weep" (pleurer) instead of "cry out." There are, on the other hand, many verbal felicities, especially in rendering concrete images. "The long resounding marble corridors, the shining parlors with shining women in them" (Harriet Monroe) is caught in "Les long couloirs de marbre qui résonnent, les salons luisants avec dedans des femmes resplendissantes." The exact simplicity of Alfred Kreymborg's "Old Manuscript" is all preserved, and the strange intensity of the close of Jeffers's "Roan Stallion." While there is seldom an effort to retain the form of the English poem, M. Jolas occasionally, as with Robinson's "Richard Corey," deftly renders a regular form. His most frequent successes, however, are with the freer forms; as the brief introductory notices reveal, his heart is with the radicals. Throughout the volume, none the less, he maintains a general faithfulness, and achieves a poetic quality, that make the "Anthologie de la nouvelle poésie américaine" an excellent first view of our poetry for the readers of France.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

Books in Brief

Morale Scolarium of John of Garland. Edited by Louis John Paetow. University of California Press. $4.25.

Thirteen years ago Professor Paetow edited and translated "The Battle of the Seven Arts." Now he has performed the same service for the "Morality of Students," another thirteenth-century satire on the state of learning of the times, written by a professor of the University of Paris. Five manuscripts, now edited for the first time, together with their glosses, form the basis of the text. As in the earlier volume, the text is accompanied by an excellent translation into English, so that even those who have no interest in Latin texts may share in this illumination.

Examples of San Bernardino. Chosen by Ada Harrison. Illuminated by Robert Austin. Oxford University Press. $4.

A beautiful limited edition of stories drawn from the sermons of a fifteenth-century Franciscan preacher brings with it the shock of incongruity that is associated with so much of our later-day medievalism. This is an excellently presented volume of shrewd, vivid stories, well chosen for interest and illustrated with a fine simplicity. But one recognizes with difficulty the San Bernardino who appears in this guise; he is hardly the evangelist, of canny power to awaken popular meetings and to save himself from the occasional well-directed attacks of enemies, who moved up and down Italy emblazoning it with his famous device of the name of Jesus, conducting public burnings of trinkets and calling in, unhesitatingly, the aid of superstition when other means failed to further his divine mission. These are some of the *exempla* such as all preachers of the period used to simplify the moral issue and to rouse the auditor to interest. What surprises one is that the selections from the works of this man should have dissolved his resolute fanaticism in a gentle sweetness. A fuller translation might have held less of aesthetic possibility, but a more vivid personality would have appeared—and the Middle Ages might have been saved some of the whimsy of our modern reading of it.

Ireland and the Foundations of Europe. By Benedict Fitzpatrick. Funk and Wagnalls Company. $4.

Mr. Fitzpatrick comes nearer exemplifying a tradition than explaining a culture. There survive letters in which Irish scholars of the Middle Ages had to be rebuked for supposing Ireland the center of learning; we are offered here a solemn presentation of just that boast in modern guise. It is regretable that the author is so swept with enthusiasm that he feels none of the reasonable doubts. Unsolved controversies are resolved, usually with poetically felt conclusions and usually without the statement of facts; that a man was called Scotus seems to be enough to show that he was Irish; if records show he came from England there were Irish colonies in England, and if he was learned, pious, or strong there is already presumption for working him into the tradition. In this fashion the survey proceeds from Colombanus through Scotus Eriugena to the twelfth century. There is glamorous material here; it appears,

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however, only as formula permits it—all boasting and praising of Irish is to be taken literally and all Continental depreciation is to be interpreted. There is some correction for these exaggerated tendencies in an excellent bibliography.

The Last Bohemia. By Francis Carco. Translated from the French by Madeleine Boyd. Henry Holt. $3.

A delightful, spendidly sentimental ragbag of reminiscences by one of the most picturesque of the group of pre-war Bohemians who once ruled Montmartre and Montparnasse. What a group! And what amazing stories are told of them—Utrillo, Max Jacob, André Salmon, Roland Dorgelès, the tragic Modigliani, Pierre MacOrlan. Out of that group were born exciting literary and artistic movements—cubism, the *roman d'aventures*, French-wing futurism. But Carco, a born atmospheric writer, avoids all this and gives us instead an unforgettable, mad picture of Bohemian raggedness and splendor, the smell of the *bistros*, the sad trek from Montmartre to Montparnasse which heralded the decline of the last Bohemia.

Jay Gould: The Story of a Fortune. By Robert Irving Warshow. Greenberg, Publisher. $3.50.

This is a breezy yet convincing biography of the "five-foot consumptive Napoleon of finance" whose utterly unscrupulous genius for turning everything he touched into gold makes King Midas and Aladdin look like third-raters. The book might well be read as a companion-piece to Mr. Asbury's history of New York's gangsters. If this is done, the reader will discover that Mr. Ashbury's wharf-rats and cutthroats seem positively virtuous when compared with Mr. Warshow's suavely fiendish multimillionaire.

The Empire-Builder. By Oscar M. Sullivan. The Century Company. $2.50.

Viewed either as fiction or fact, this "biographical novel" about James J. Hill fails to satisfy. As a work of fiction it is thin and jejune, and as a biography it is highly sentimentalized. Example—Hill is favorably compared with Leonardo da Vinci.

Urban Land Economics. By Herbert B. Dorau and Albert G. Hinman. The Macmillan Company. $4.

This is a pioneer work, covering the many complex land problems that have arisen out of urbanization. Both economic theory and current practice are dealt with. An interesting concluding chapter deals with the future of American cities, which will be, the authors believe, of four types—the generalized city, the specialized industrial city, the specialized commercial city, and the residential city.

Sir Walter Raleigh. By Milton Waldman. The Golden Hind Series. Edited by Milton Waldman. Harper and Brothers. $4.

This is a commendably judicious, temperate, and generally competent book. Mr. Waldman, as editor of a series of biographies on great explorers and adventurers, has set a high standard for his associates.

Cromwell. By G. R. Stirling Taylor. Little, Brown and Company. $4.

A shrewd, hard-headed, wise, and witty volume that is only slightly marred by repetitions, and that shows a vast amount of knowledge easily borne by its jaunty author. Cromwell's early teacher, it appears, "took some trouble to convince his fellow-citizens that the Pope of Rome was Antichrist; which, after a few generations of Renaissance popes, was either self-evident or immaterial." Cromwell himself had "the mind of a fanatic, who can make himself believe what is not true—which is a great help in practical life"; and the net result of all his mighty struggles was that "he had convinced England that another Stuart, with all his tyranny, would be better than another Cromwell, with all his liberty."

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International Relations Section

Opium Leaks Through

By ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

London, England, June 1

AT the meeting of the Opium Committee, in September, Signor Cavazzoni, the delegate from Italy, presented his memorandum. This was an elaborate plan for preventing the leakage of drugs into the illicit trade. It was unwelcome, because there is no desire on the part of the drug-making nations to close these leaks—to interfere with their profits, in other words. But Signor Cavazzoni took them up on their often repeated expressions of regret over the illicit traffic, and presented them with a minutely worked-out scheme for controlling drugs after they leave the factory, by which each kilo could be followed to its ultimate destination and it could be discovered at what point and through whose hands the drugs got loose.

A small subcommittee was appointed to study this unpopular plan and to make its report to the eleventh meeting of the Opium Committee, which began on April 12, 1928. The composition of the subcommittee made its decision a foregone conclusion—Great Britain, France, Holland, Switzerland, and Germany, the biggest drug-making nations in the world. With Cavazzoni, of course, thrown in as a sop, just to prevent the thing from being too obvious.

This subcommittee went over the Cavazzoni scheme item by item and point by point, and tossed out each one with such comments as "We do not think it necessary to do this," or "For the present such measures would appear superfluous," and "This proposal was accepted in principle, but with reservations." So on, all the way through. You see, if the Cavazzoni plan had been adopted, it would have ruined the drug trade. The factories could have continued to make drugs by the ton, as they are doing now, but there would have been no way for them to escape. There is no object in intensive manufacture, unless there is an outlet. So the subcommittee leaped on this plan like a mongoose on a snake, and broke its back. As a substitute, just to show their honorable intentions, they brought in a model set of rules, or code, which they hope all nations will adopt. Cavazzoni remarked drily that these "model rules" appear to be those already in existence in most countries, under which the illicit trade is doing so well!

In spite of his defeat, Cavazzoni is not discouraged. The killing of his control scheme at least reveals the state of mind of his enemies. Their position is now well defined: Unlimited raw material, such as opium; unlimited manufacture of drugs; and now, wide-open channels into the illicit markets.

This recent meeting passed off peacefully, but several revelations of great significance occurred. One was as to the manufacture of codein, which came about in this manner. One of the three assessors, Mr. Brenier, has a passion for making graphs. He hung up at one end of the conference room a large graph, about six feet square, done in colors, showing the production of raw materials, the manufacture of drugs, consumption per capita, exports and imports—every phase of the entire opium problem was squeezed into that one crowded chart. At once the British-India delegate said he did not want it displayed—it was probably wrong. Mr. Brenier insisted that it was based upon the figures sent in by the various governments in their annual reports. Some discussion followed, and in the end a vote was taken as to the fate of this graph—the French delegate wanted it reproduced in small size and distributed to the committee—and the vote turned out in favor of reproducing it. Those opposed were the two British delegates.

The day came when the little graphs were ready and given out, and then Mr. Brenier, with his fishing-rod, took his place at the end of the room and explained his big graph. He said you could tell at a glance what it was about, but his explanation took two hours. Naturally, no one was much interested. Presumably they all knew the facts, and it was no treat to have Mr. Brenier, in his enthusiasm, call attention to them. But Mr. Brenier went on and on, pausing while the translator turned his remarks into English, and then returned again to the charge, while the delegates got more and more bored and restless. Finally, the German delegate could stand it no longer. He broke in with a remark that the graph was all wrong. The big square showing the manufacture of morphine was too small. It should have been twice the size, and most probably larger still. True, it was based on the figures sent in by the different countries, but the reports were not accurate. They only reported the amount of morphine which remained morphine; they did not report the morphine which had been turned into codein.

Codein, it should be said, is a drug which does not come under either convention, and hence is not recorded. All the factories of the world are now turning out codein because this drug, not coming under the conventions, can circulate freely in all countries. This immense and intensive manufacture of codein represents the effort being made by all nations to capture the international markets. Germany, which makes 20 tons of morphine a year, turns 70 per cent into codein; England, 50 per cent; Switzerland, 33 per cent. In all, said the German delegate, at least fifty or sixty tons of morphine are made each year and fully half of that amount—probably more than half—is turned into codein.

How the German came to offer this gratuitous bit of information one cannot imagine. Had he kept silent, no one would have given the show away. Was it pure boredom on his part, his irritation getting the upper hand as he sat listening to Mr. Brenier's interminable explanations? Or is it a sign that the heretofore solid opium bloc is disintegrating, and that Germany, the greatest morphine maker in the world, is going to turn over a new leaf?

Cavazzoni at once sprang into the opening thus offered. He asked how the committee could meet year after year and talk about the alarming increase in illicit traffic, knowing all the time that at least thirty tons of morphine (changed into codein) were flowing freely from one country to the other, neither accounted for nor recorded. And, he added, the committee has just thrown out my scheme for stopping illicit traffic, part of which included thorough supervision of the factories. What proof is there that the morphine they say is made into codein is really made into codein? As codein can pass over all frontiers, one wonders if customs officials ever open the boxes labeled codein. And if they do open them, how is a customs official to tell the difference between morphine and codein, which look alike?

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Are these boxes of "codein" ever submitted to a laboratory examination? These revelations show why the United States has such a large drug problem; and why smuggling from Canada is so easy.

Another trick of the drug profiteers is the making of morphine-esters. These are made by treating morphine with an acid. An ester is an innocuous drug that can be exported and imported freely. A manufacturer can import a ton of one of these esters, take it to his factory and remove the acid, and at once he is in possession of a quantity of morphine which is not accounted for or recorded, and which can be slipped out into the devious channels so well known to the smuggling fraternity. It is only in the last three or four years that these esters have come to play such an important part. The best known is benzoyl-morphine. The number of esters is unlimited. The only country that has taken any action against them is Japan, which forbids their manufacture and their importation. It was the British delegate who raised this question of the esters—he said the situation was exceedingly serious, and asked that benzoyl-morphine be put on the list of drugs controlled by the conventions. But to ask for but one—benzoyl-morphine—while leaving 99,000 other combinations at liberty, is hardly sufficient.

The truth is, the two opium conventions, the Hague and that of Geneva (not yet in force), have the bottoms left out. These two drugs, codein and the esters, are *morphine* derivatives, not *opium* derivatives, which is where the catch lies. Opium derivatives (morphine and heroin) come within the scope of the conventions, but morphine derivatives (a second remove) do not. And as the Dutch delegate remarked at this meeting, "We left them out on purpose." If the Hague convention and the Geneva convention are thus wide open, the only thing to do is to call another international opium conference and draw up another convention, less like a sieve. But what is the use of that? With bad faith, you can do nothing.

Much valuable publicity has come through the public meetings of the Opium Committee. But now, one fears, even this may be withdrawn. The Geneva convention requires but one ratification before coming into effect; and this means the establishment of the Central Board. The committee has avoided any discussion as to the allotment of work between the Opium Committee and the Central Board, and because of this evasion one fears that to the Central Board (whose first requisite is secrecy) will be submitted all the valuable statistics which have heretofore been discussed by the Opium Committee. It is no wonder that the opium bloc wishes to retire into obscurity, but the tactics of the Opium Committee, which the public could follow, do not inspire much confidence in the Central Board, which the public cannot follow. Its constitution makes no provision for open meetings, and it will dole out whatever information it thinks fit. True, it is to be composed of men who are "impartial" and "independent of their governments." But when you see governments which as governments do not make a penny from the drug trade yet continue to shield it, you begin to wonder. One wonders if "commercial interests" do not dictate the policies of these governments, and whether these same "commercial interests" cannot likwise influence the impartial and independent gentlemen who will compose the Central Board. Bad faith and a convention without a bottom do not seem an ideal foundation for a body whose first requisite is secrecy.

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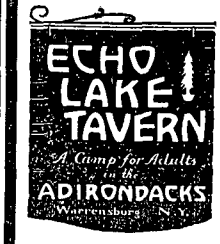

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